

in wildest dreams (i never dreamed of this)

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in wildest dreams (i never dreamed of this)

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Halfway through their meal, Dream spoke up, “So how do you want me to do this... do you want me to just pull out the box, or something more elaborate like a champagne glass?”

George felt a pit grow in his stomach. It was a harsh reminder that all of it was fake, all of the heartfelt looks Dream was giving him were just for the purpose of maintaining their facade.

“You’re asking me how I want to be proposed to?” George asked, “That’s so... dumb.”

“Well, I’m not exactly an expert at this,” Dream shot back in a whisper.

George sighed, “Just... surprise me.”

Dream and George fake a marriage proposal in order to get free food at an expensive restaurant, and George tries his hardest to remember that it's all fake even though, more than anything, he wants it to be real.

title from "This Love" by Taylor Swift

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

On the list of dumb ideas that Dream and George had, this didn't even make the top five. It barely made the top ten, sitting comfortably at number eight. That did not, however, take away from the fact that it was a terrible, horrible, idea.

They probably should have taken the hint when they announced their idea to Sapnap, when he leant back on the counter with his arms crossed and his face turned up in a mixture of confusion, intrigue and disgust as he muttered, "You two are planning to do *what?*"

George held out his hand with a wide smile, showing off the golden ring. It was flashy, the best ring two-hundred dollars on amazon could buy, with a large diamond-shaped in a circle with smaller diamonds surrounding it. There wasn't a single thing about the ring that was real, but authenticity was thrown out the window the minute they came up with the plan.

"I'm going to propose to George at that fancy new restaurant, Gabriella's." Dream said, his lips curved into a proud smile.

George nodded, "And then because they're *obligated* to, they'll give us our meal for free!"

Hey, it may have sounded stupid, but the meals at the restaurant were five-hundred dollars *each*, and neither Dream nor George was willing to pay that much, but at the same time they had been dying to try it. They wanted to see what all of the fuss was about, so they got a bit creative.

"How the hell did you two idiots even come up with that idea in the first place?" Sapnap asked in disbelief.

Dream and George looked at each other and then back at Sapnap, "Quackity," they said at the same time.

Sapnap groaned, placing his hand over his eyes in embarrassment, "It's going to go terribly, just warning you two."

George rolled his eyes. He took the wedding ring off of his finger because it was getting too heavy and handed it back to Dream, who put it in the small black box with a red ribbon on it. Then he turned back to Sapnap, "Wanna bet?"

"Five hundred says you two mess it up." Sapnap bet.

"Six hundred says we do it perfectly." George challenged, and they shook their hands to make it official.

The restaurant was beautiful on the outside. It was right on the ocean, looking out over a private beach that was only occupied by seagulls and beautiful rocks and other small marine life. The front was a huge glass window, stained with all the colours of the rainbow. Vines crawled up the brick walls, perfectly trimmed, and potted flowers decorated the front entrance.

Walking up to it, George felt out of place, nervous — and not just because he was getting "proposed" to. He was dressed in a simple blue button-up, no tie, tucked into grey dress pants. He was perfectly dressed for their facade. It was formal but not too formal, the kind of thing people wore when they weren't expecting it to be a special occasion. He would have much rather been in

comfortable clothing.

Dream, however, looked confident in his outfit. He was almost matching, but his shirt was a deep burgundy fabric. He wore a blazer over it, a small lump in the right-hand size that was almost unnoticeable, but George knew it was the ring box. For the first time since George had moved to Florida, Dream had styled his hair, using gel to push it back and keep it neat, though one little strand didn't quite understand the message and fell over his eyes. George preferred his hair messy.

When they met the hostess and Dream asked for a table under his last name, and when Dream grabbed George's hand so swiftly and easily it was like a natural instinct, George had to press his nails into the palm of his hand to remind himself that it wasn't real. He had to distract himself by reading the menu to stop himself from blushing. When they walked to their table following the hostess, hands still laced together, George realized that Sapnap was right — it was a *terrible* idea.

Though, there was much more to it than Sapnap knew. George had a secret, something that he had only told one person, and that was at three in the morning when George was still living in England, and George made Wilbur swear to secrecy.

George was in love with Dream, and he had been in love with Dream for longer than he could remember. It had been so long that George had gotten good at hiding it, he was so easily able to forget about it when it mattered. But now, they were acting like a couple; they were doing everything George had wanted for years, and he was terrified that he would get too comfortable and let something slip.

The outside of the restaurant didn't even compare to the inside. Each table was draped in soft, delicate red and black table cloths with a vase in the middle that held a perfect red rose. On the plates sat little origami swans made from napkins and each set of cutlery had two forks and two spoons. George didn't want to admit it so loudly out of fear he would sound stupid, but he hadn't expected the restaurant to be so *romantic*.

Every single table was filled with couples, leaning in on their elbows to make conversation and laughing at their inside jokes. There wasn't a single kid in sight, nor even a family for a birthday. When George and Dream sat down across from each other at their own table, George felt the anxiety rush in. Hyper-aware that they were really going through with the plan. He was so lost in thought and worry that he barely heard the list of specials or the waiter's name.

It didn't take long for Dream to notice, his face etched with concern and his eyes flickering over George. George looked away, occupying himself by fiddling with the small fork. When the waiter finally left them alone, Dream reached over and hesitantly grabbed George's hand again, resting them both together on the top of the table.

"What's wrong?" he asked. There was something to be said about the way he didn't have to ask if everything was alright, that he could read George so easily that he already knew something was wrong but then George realized he was reading too far into the simple word choice.

George didn't know how to answer the question. It wasn't like he was going to admit his feelings, even if the restaurant was the perfect place to do it. So instead he said, "Just nervous I'm going to mess it up."

"If you want to just get dinner we can always try this..." Dream made a small gesture to the pocket that held the ring, "... a different day. I can pay for our meals and we can just have a normal dinner."

It was a get out of jail free card, and the endearing look on Dream's face and small smile he

offered proved to George that he could take it without causing any offence. However, the small touch from Dream's hand on top of his gave George a certain boost of confidence. With Dream, he felt like he could do anything. Dream was his safety net, his rock, and they could get through this night together

So he didn't back down. Instead, he put on the best fake smile and confidence he could muster and said, "There is no way in hell I am letting you pay a thousand dollars for food."

"So we're doing this?" Dream asked, his eyes lighting up.

"We are."

Ordering their food was the easy part of the night. Dream ordered a fancy steak, struggling to pronounce the long french sounding names and embarrassing George in the process, so badly that George had to cover his eyes. George ordered a roasted chicken with a fancy salad on the side.

It was when the waiter was collecting menus that the night quickly started to get more difficult, and that was because the waiter asked, "How long have you two been together?"

The question caught them both off guard, and they both rushed to think of a good answer.

"Three years," George said.

"Four years." Dream said at the same time.

For a brief moment, they shared eye contact, terrified that they had been busted, and then Dream quickly added, "We've been going on dates for four years but my boyfriend over here was too stubborn to make it official, so technically we've only actually been together for three years."

It was an awful lie, but the waiter seemed to buy it, simply laughing at the small miscommunication and then walking away with the menus.

"That was close." George breathed once he was certain they were out of earshot.

"Too close." Dream chuckled.

"Why did you say four years?" George asked.

"I don't know... I guess it just seemed like a significant year," Dream shrugged. George raised an eyebrow, prompting him to continue, "It was the year you finally saw my face, the year that we started to facetime every night and plan on what we would do when you moved here. It was the year that-" he paused abruptly, so quickly that George couldn't help but notice. He wanted to fill in the blanks, but he didn't out of fear that he would get his hopes up. Then Dream continued, "It was just a significant year — Why did you say three years?"

George hadn't put much thought to it before, it had just come to his mind naturally and he said it without thinking it meant anything, "I have no idea."

Dream almost seemed hurt by the answer, his lips falling into a straight line and his eyes said he was almost disappointed. It killed George a little, so he thought back to three years ago. Nothing significant had happened that year, Dream was busy studying the youtube algorithm and George was busy picking up as many coding jobs as he could handle. Then it hit him like a wave, bringing an uncontrollable smile to his face as he recalled, "Three years ago was when we stayed up until five in the morning coding that dumb Minecraft plug-in, you know, the one that just wouldn't work?"

Dream chuckled, “You mean the golf mini-game?”

“Exactly!” George said, “We spent eleven hours trying to get it right and we kept messing up little things and fighting over who made the mistakes. But then we both agreed to stop and we both switched to discord on our phones and slept on call because neither of us wanted to leave. You kept apologizing profusely for swearing at me the whole time, and I said I was sorry for raging and destroying half the map.”

Dream’s face softened as George retold the story, and he mumbled in disbelief, “I can’t believe you remembered that.”

“How could I not?” George said, “It was...” *the night that I fell in love with you.* “... just a really really funny memory.”

“It still doesn’t beat the morning after. When Sapnap joined the call and screamed and woke us up.”

George rolled his eyes, “Leave it up to Sapnap to ruin the perfect sleep.”

“Perfect sleep?” Dream laughed, “You snored so loud I almost left the call.”

“You’re not a silent sleeper either so shut it.” George shot back, “And I guess I can’t really explain it, but I always sleep better on call with you.”

The last part slipped through his lips before he could stop it, and then he felt exposed, he felt like he had just admitted to the worst crime.

But then Dream said, “Me too,” and those two simple words made all of George’s worries wash away.

A small cough broke through their little bubble, and George was brought back into reality, the sounds of distant chatter and forks knocking against plates filling George’s ears. The waiter stood over them, a small smile on their face and plated food on their tray and George silently muttered an apology for making them wait.

The food smelt amazing, and despite the nervousness curdling in George’s stomach, he couldn’t not dig into it. He wasn’t going to waste a five hundred dollar meal.

Halfway through their meal, Dream spoke up, “So how do you want me to do this... do you want me to just pull out the box, or something more elaborate like a champagne glass?”

George felt a pit grow in his stomach. It was a harsh reminder that all of it was fake, all of the heartfelt looks Dream was giving him were just for the purpose of maintaining their facade.

“You’re asking me how I want to be proposed to?” George asked, “That’s so... dumb.”

“Well, I’m not exactly an expert at this,” Dream shot back in a whisper.

George sighed, “Just... surprise me.”

At least then it would be somewhat special. He wanted to add.

Dream nodded, and then he went back to eating, lost in thought.

It was when the plates were both taken away and they had just finished ordering their dessert that George felt his heartbeat rise in his throat and butterflies creating a whirlpool in his stomach.

Dream didn't look any less nervous — it was the first time that night that he had faltered from his confident appearance. His eyes were flickering around the room, lingering on other couples and avoiding George at all costs and his hand lightly traced the imprint of the box.

"I'm going to do it now." Dream warned, voice quiet.

"You're not supposed to tell me." George giggled nervously, "It's supposed to be shocking."

Dream rolled his eyes, and as he spoke he raised his voice so it was easier to hear, "Have I ever told you that you make me the happiest person in the world?"

It sounded so robotic, so fake, George was certain that they weren't going to make it through. Still, he put on his own act; the confused boyfriend who wasn't sure why his partner had suddenly started making a big declaration at dinner.

"All the time."

"Well, I don't think I say it enough." Dream said.

It was so awkward — George had always thought that he would mess it up, not Dream. He wasn't sure what to do to help, exactly, so he did the only thing that he knew would work. He did exactly what Dream did when George felt nervous at the beginning of the night, reaching out and gently resting his hand on top of the blond's. Dream turned his own hand upwards, pressing his palm against George's and then slowly the two of them interlaced their fingers.

"I know I'm a pain in the ass to be around." Dream continued, and something had shifted. "I get angry when you won't let me control the mouse in geoguessr, and I get cranky when I don't get eight hours of sleep. I cheat when we play board games — and occasionally at Minecraft... and then I get myself involved in stupid petty drama on Twitter too much. I must be an absolute nightmare to live with, I'm sure of it. So I guess I'm thankful that you... that you've stuck around with me through all of it."

Dream had stopped trying to fabricate some elaborate lie, and instead, he opted to speak from his heart, grab inspiration from their friendship. There was no way that it could have seemed fake to anyone else, because even George couldn't find the line between the truth and the lies.

Dream gave George's hand one final squeeze before he let go, standing up from his chair and then dropping down to one knee. George felt all the breath escape from his lungs as Dream pulled out the ring — the stupid little cheap fake ring they had picked out together at two in the morning while laughing. He placed a hand to his lips, covering his fake shock.

George couldn't help but notice that several people had turned their heads to see what the commotion was, pairs of eyes digging into the back of his head. Dream noticed them all too, raising his voice just a bit so they could all hear, always the showman.

"You and I have stuck together through everything; even when we were an entire ocean apart you were there for me. Through all the stupid little fights we had, through all the highs and the lows, you've been there for everything. You're my other half, my rock. You complete me, George."

Dream raised the ring up more, a tear falling from his right eye as he announced, "I love you, and so I guess this is me asking... will you marry me?"

"Yes!" George shouted. Dream grabbed his hand and lifted them both up so they were standing, smiling wide as he disposed of the ring box and easily slipped the cheap metal onto George's finger. Then they hugged, relief running through them because they had actually pulled off their

elaborate scheme.

Clapping echoed throughout the room with some cheers as well, and George closed his eyes and took a few moments to lean into Dream's warmth. For those few moments, George pretended that it was all real. But, the clapping faded into a chant and George was whisked away from his fantasy as he realized that everyone around them was chanting the same word.

"Kiss. Kiss. Kiss."

George pulled away and looked up at Dream, telling him that he could back down if he wanted to, that they could sit down instead and just say they weren't ones for PDA. Instead, Dream brought his hand up and cupped George's jaw lightly. He leant down slowly and then he stopped when they were so close that George could feel his breath on his lips, silently asking for permission. George raised himself up and closed the gap.

The kiss was slow, hesitant, and George kissed without a clue of what he was doing. Yet, despite all of that, it was perfect. George didn't give a damn if it was just meant to be fake, because he gave it everything he had, silently confessing years of built-up emotions into only a few seconds. Dream smiled through the kiss, and then he kissed back like his life depended on it.

That was when George somehow just *knew*. It was unexplainable, but the way that Dream kissed him told George that his unrequited feelings weren't so unrequited as he had thought. The kiss felt right, it wasn't scary, it felt like *home*.

They realized they were in public shortly after and pulled away, cheeks flushed with embarrassment and eyes full of love.

It was after dessert, and after the waiter came over to declare that the meal was on the house, that Dream spoke up quietly, "I meant it, by the way. I meant it when I said that you complete me... and I mean it when I say that I love you."

"I love you too." George whispered back, the biggest grin on his face, "I guess we're getting more than just a free dinner out of tonight, huh."

"I guess so." Dream said, and they trailed off into silence.

"I remember the night we stayed up until five because that was the night that I fell in love with you." George confessed, "I think that's why I said three years."

"I fell in love with you four years ago." Dream chuckled.

It was like a fairytale ending, something that George couldn't have seen coming from the night. As they walked out of the restaurant an hour later, full of desert, several people congratulated them, and in their little lovesick state, they laughed and thanked everyone.

When they stumbled into the door that night, hands on each other and in fits of giggles as they confessed all the times they almost let their crushes on each other slip, Sapnap was right there waiting for them. When he noticed the fake diamond on George's ring finger he sighed, but gave them a knowing smirk and handed them each five hundred dollars from his pocket - which he claimed was his own present for them for finally getting their shit together.

George didn't know it then, and neither did Sapnap, but Dream took that five hundred dollars and hid it away in the empty black ring box before throwing it in the back of his computer desk.

He knew it right away, which at first might have just been a consequence of the honeymoon phase,

but the assurance always stayed constant in the back of his mind. That money was the start of his fund, for a few years later when he mustered up the courage and bought George a real ring.

End Notes

written by enderallie

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